Do you come from the bright Italian sky, From the land where the golden sunsets lie, owing your tireless, trackless flight From the storm King s ____ins of eternal night?

Have you have abroad where the sea was white, When the six prova dark as darkest night, when Death avallowed up the fair and brave, And rode on the erect of each cutling wave? Where Death avallowed up the fair and bra And rode on the creat of each cubling wave? Have you heard simile the wild winds mean The shrick of despair and the dying groam, As the white wave broke o'er the sunken rest, And called for the boom of a life as brief? Anoard U. S. Man or-war, Opp Superals Madrina, Aug. 1868.

Little by Little. One step and then shother, One step and then another,
And the longest walk is ended;
One stitch and then another,
And the largest raut is mended;
One brick upon snother,
And the highest wall is made;
One flake upon another,
And the deepest snow is laid. So the little carol-workers,
By their slow and constant motio
Have built up those pretty islands
In the distant dark-bine ocean;
And the noblest undertaking
Man's wisdom hath conceived,
By his oft repeated efforts
Have been patiently achieved.

SELECTED STORIES. How a Quarrel Ended.

BY KATHARINE S, MACQUOID

"And I say it isn't-" "Fanny!"—a pause after the word, as if the speaker tried to get rid of a lump in his thoat "you're playing the fool: you've no tore notion how I love you than you have of the height you're standing at above the sea. I tell you, I'd rather see you lying down there, washed up by the tide, than know that you want to go back again to the beach of your own will, and be looked at by that lath-and-plaster fellow of a cap-

And yet, while the flerce words pass the young fisherman's lips, he takes a firm grasp of his companion's arm, lest some sudden movement should draw her nearer the gid-

The sun had begun to set when these two, John Fry and Fanny Heywood, began to quarrel, and now he has just sunk into the purple bed of clouds, risen up from the sea to receive him. There has been a scene of magnificent and fast changing color; crimson, and purple, and gold—now by turns, now all at once—have held their places on the tender ground of chrysolite-green, fast fading into gray; though its final hue lingers among the rock-pools below the cliffs, mingled with rosy gleams that reflect themselve from scattered cloud-lines. The ragged, perpendicular clift rises some four hundred feet above the sea, and about a third way down its steep side runs the path or The sun had begun to set when these two, way down its steep side runs the path or ledge on which the lovers stand. They ledge on which the lovers stand. They care nothing for the sunset, now for the exquisite scene below them. On the right, the tiny village, nestling in the gorge of high hills—on one side wooded to the base, on the other a precipice of rock, rich in brown and purple shadows—every here and there in its deaths, revealing a glumps. brown and purple shadows—every here and there in its depths revealing a glimpse of the white, foaming river, that comes strucciing and tumbling over huge grav stones to the sea; while farther still, on the right, stretches a range of lofty chiffs, the hues of which mock the power of words to render, as successfully as they elude the painter's resources to depict—crimson, pur ple, violet, of richest tones, everywhere re-lieved by tufts of bright, galden blossoms, and the fresh green of lady-fern, that fring-

es the jagged edges.

Jehn and Fanny have disputed before this evening, but only for a few sentences; and then a kiss from him, or a tear in her sweet eyes, has brought the matter to a standstill. But this quarrel wears a more standstill. But this quarret wears a more serious aspect. John looks absolutely threatening. He is a strong, well-built young fellow, with a true South-of-Eng-land face—a face that is saturated with sunshine, that puts one in mind, all at once, of ripe August cornfields; and, taken in conjunction with his rich, curly hair and beard, of October nuts and squirrels. But the deep, black eyes, that match so well with this golden brown, have none of their usual expression; they are full of angry gleams, and, through his parted lips, you can see his teeth set hard.

can see his teeth set hard. Fanny looks up, and meets this stern, compelling glance; meets it, too-as you may tell by the quiver of her rosy mouthjust when a loving name or a caress might have prevailed over the perverse spirit that

It is a puzzle that she has been able (liv. ing so near the sea) to keep her skin so white and delicate looking. Her hair nearly matches her lover's, but her eyes are not so deep in color; there is a tinge of true hazel in hers, that shines out with almost a golden glitter as John takes hold of her arm. She thinks he means to make her "Let me go, will you? I'm notlyour wife

yet, John; and I don't know that I ever will

He draws his hand away. "Come-come, Fanny; you're talking nse now. I was, a minute ago, may be. Why should you and me quarrel about a thing which cannot happen, if you will only let yourself be guided—?" The girl's eyes fill with sudden, angry

tears.
"I'm not quarrelling; I only say you don't put any trust in me. Why, even if I choose to go home by the beach, and Mr. Russell and Captain Standish are there, and they say a civil word to me-what am I the worse for it, I'd like to know? I suppose you'd like me to wear a mask next, with just two holes to see out of. Everything that is pretty is looked Wat, you know it is, and why not girls as well as anything else? I say again, yours isn't! what I call having trust in me—that it isn't.'

The golden light is quenched in the tears, that fairly ran over. Fanny's eyes now are almost as dark as her lover's and tenderness seems to be swimming in them.
If John could only have beld out against them for two minutes, he might have made his own terms with the pretty, wayward, spoiled girl; but a sensible lover would be a phenomenon worthy of exhibition, and John was not a phenomenon.

The next, minute he had Fanny in his arms, straining her to his heart, kissing off her tears, and calling himself a "rough; jealous fool," for having brought them there. "No, John-you're not a tool; but you are jealous, you know you are; and if you go on like this when we're married, you'll break my heart, John," comes out of those

break my heart, John," comes out or those pouting, coral lipe

"Il never be jealous unless you give me cause, Fanny," he says, his honest face growing grave again. "But, you see, men and women have different natures. You can fly in a passion and get out of it, all in no time, and be as sweet and smiling as if nothing had happened; but that is not the way with us—anyhow, its not with such a way with us—anyhow, its not with such a sulky chap as me. Once I'm put up, I get out of bounds, and as to seeing you laughing and talking with that young fool of a captain—why, if I was to catch you at it, I don't know what I mightn't be tempted

"You're threatening now, John," Fanny pouts, and draws herself away a little. There is an uneasy look on her lover's face. He loves Fanny with all his heart and strength. He has known her from the and strength. He has known her from the time they went crab-hunting together among the rocks, with the rest of the village children, and yet, though his heart is so fast bound to her that he could never tear it away, he has no sure trust in the wilful, be witching girl. When he thinks of the future—Fanny as his wife and the mistress of his house—an undefined, shifting fear is apt to come between John and his certainty of happiness, and fear near akin to that he has felt among the treachersus quicksands. happiness, and fear near akin to that he has felt among the treacherous quicksands farther east, when he has been seeking an-

He answers, almost solemnly:—"Am I threatening, darling? Then I don't mean it. I mean warning, not threatening. You see, I haven't got so many words to fit my meanings to, as such a little clever lass as you, Fanny; all I mean is, I want to put it clear to you that when you're, maybe, mean ing no harm, only a little tessing in play, you're playing with feelings a man can't keep under, it is if the devil was let losse in

one another of set purpose, do you, Fanny when they're themselves?"

ranny turns white, and retreats state at their from the clif's edge; then she gives a little forced laugh.

"I must say, John, you've got strange notions of pleasant talk; first, you scold me till ory, then you speak about murder. Now I must go home, and if you can't trust me to go by the beach, Ill take the long way over the cliffs. Are you satisfied now, sit?"

Satisfied! John is radiant at such unexpected sweet submission, for the road on

Satisfied! John is radiant at such anexpected sweet submission, for the road on ahead over the cliff is just two miles round for Fanny, and when they began to quarrel she had said nothing should induce her to go home unless she went by the beach, where, as John knew, Captain Standis and his friend are pacing up and down, in front of the little bay. "You little duck!" he says and John offers up a good deal of atonement in word and act, which Fanny receives with many smiles and blushes, and at last he lets her go.

he lets her go.

"Why not go by the laue?" he asks.

Fanny nods. "I was just thinking so," she says, and she looks back over her shoulder and smiles like an angel. John thinks. But the smile fades out of her face more quickly than the rose-color from those long ribbon-like cloud-lines. By the time she reaches the end of the rock-path, her fore-head is dinted with a frown.

The path ends its shelf-like course along

the cliff, and slopes down to the left in descent to the road leading to the beach; or the right it mounts as steeply to the upper part of the village. A lane, with high hedges, fringed with plumy fronts of lady-fern, and nearer the ground, rarer, more min-ute kinds nestle like green tassels in the chinks of loose piled masses of Stone, hid-den by long satin strips of hart's-tongue.

Fanny stands frowning still where the three ways meet. She is thinking about

"I don't believe he thinks half enough about me—he wouldn't dare to be masterial if he did!" And then (for a good intention repented of seldem gets a second hearing) Fanny tells herself she is an idiot. "A nice slave I shall be when I'm married, if I'm never to look at any one or speak to any one but him. What's the use of good looks if they're all to be hidden out of sight?" and she hardens herself in this one idea of her own beauty and the amount of admiration due to it.

She stands still, looking wistfully down he lane to the beach. A sound of voice comes up to her, a hearty laugh, and then some words, which brings a blush to her heeks-a blush of pleasure; her lips part, and her head is thrown back saucily, as two gentlemen come in sight, sauntering up the

"By Jove! this is lucky."

Captain Standish takes his cigar out o Captain Standish takes his captain his mouth, and says, "Good evening!"

He is a tall, fair youth, with pale hair and eyes; there is a washed-out look about him. Mr. Russell has a more manly aspect; e is short and thick-set, something

bull-terrier breed.

Fanny is in such a flutter of vanity and lelight, that she hardly knows what is said to her, or what she answers. She has quite forgotten her intention of going straight home, and stands, listening and laughing while the captain talks.

John stands listening, too-just where Fanny left him-listening and yet, not hear ing the querulous scream of the sea gulls at the foot of the cliff, dipping their black-tipped wings in the creaming curl of the waves and then rising in sudden flight with fan ning outspread feathers, or sinking again slowly, as the air resists their pinions.

But John is not frowning. He smiles a himself. He thinks he has wronged Fanny by his self-formed fears. "Dear little crea-ture! how good and docite she is, after all! A girl's worth nothing if she basn't spirit of her own. Ah! at Bideford there'll be none of these fellows coming down to plague honest men!"

John Fry came back yesterday from Bideford; he has an uncle there, a fisherman, who has offered him a half-share of his boat and his business for a very moderate com-"John !- John Fry, I say ! Helio !- wher

A coast guard, in blue flannel and shin hat come; running along the rocky ledge as easily as if it were six feet wide He stops short when he sees John, sets down to the bottom of his pockets. "Well, Davie?"

"Look alive!" says Davie, with a red face and jirking his thumb over his shoulder. "Yer wanted below; the Bideford boat is off the rocks, and there's one awanting yo. "Wanting of me?"

Jehn pulls off his wideawake, doubles it

wn hand; finally, this proceeding having failed to solve his perplexity, he moves on to where Davie's thumb is pointing.

"There'll be a bit of a gale to-night be-fore the boat reaches Minehead," says Davie; and then he stands still and lights his pipe,

while John Fry hurries down to the beach Unless he had scrambled down the facof the crag—a bold feat for even so fearless a climber—he must follow the path Fanny has taken, but he is not thinking about has taken, but he is not thinking about Fanny as he hurries along. His uncle at Bideford was an old man; he had already had one seizure, and this might be another. John had few friends or relations, but those he had he loved with the intensity of deep, strong nature, and his heart was full of anxious fear for his uncle; he had left him so well and hearty, and so full of warm sympathy with his nephew's happiness.

So that when John, in his headlong rac

comes suddenly upon the group—or rather the pair, for Mr. Russell has moved off to a discreet distance—the young fisherman is so bewildered, that for an instant he stands in For an instant only. It is quite dark

the narrow lane between those high fern crowned hedges. Before one can note the changes that have come into the two faces so near to each other—for Captain Sandish's whiskers touch Fanny's cheek as he whis pers-John's band is on the Captain's shoul ler, and the Captain stumbles backward i

"Keep your distance, will you?" John says, flercely; "that young woman is not free to listen to your foolery!" He has grasped Fanny's arm while he peaks, and now he hurries her along with him, back by the way he came.

Vehement action has calmed down the tempest of his anger. As he strides along he is forcing himself to decide what he shall say to Fanny.

He has a dim remembrance of the point

where he left Davie, and he stops short of that. The light has faded so completely that he can only just see Fanny's face plain-

She is very white and trembling. She r members what John said just now abou murder, and as self is usually paramount i her thoughts, her terror is that he means to fling her over on to the sharp-pointed rocks below—terror so great, so paralyzing, that she cannot even shrick for help. Even if she could, her voice would be powerless against the wailing, screaming sea gulls, and the roar of the waves, as the wind lashes

them into foaming beights.

But John has no mind to harm her. Spite of all, he loves her still; but he has learned at last to put trust in his own misgivings instead of Fanny Heywood,
"Fanny," he says, in a choked voice, "I
brought you here to tell you what must be

He stops and tries to clear his voice, it remains hoarse in spite of him Fanny takes a little comfort, and looks up, but his

takes a little comfort, and looks up, but his steam set face brings back all her fear; she clasps her hands over her eyes, and cries out with terror.

The strong awful calm that had come to John after the first outburst gives way at the cry, and his anger breaks through like a ground swell, betokening how deep it lies hadden away.

s ground swell, betokening how deep it lies aidden away.

"Be quiet!" he says, savagely and their the sharp pain at his heart nerves him, a pain will nerve to self-mastery.

"Fanny, when I asked you if you coul "Fanny, when I asked you if you could love me well enough to be my wife. I thought of you as a man thinks of a true woman. I thought I wasn't worthy of your love, even though I gave you my heart and soul in exchange. I gave 'em you, Fanny you have been first and foremost in every thought I've had since then. I'm not making a merit of so doing—I don't know as I can take them back. God knows how I love you still, but I'll not take a wife who not cantent with the love I've got to give not content with the love I've got to give her; who'll not keep herself for me alone. I'll not put myself in the danger of marry-

e I can't trust. She had kept her eyes hidden, and he had wife, I can tell jou—a rough brute that has no manners for his betters. Let me go."

no manners for his betters. Let me go."

She pushes past him, and at the same moment Davis lounges up.

"Did you hear a signal ?" he says. "I'm thinking it came from beyond Hedden's Mouth. Come on and tell the licutenant. Why, man, where be ye going, off in the dark alone; 'ull no cane; wait and gie me a help wi' the life boat."

John only shook off the grasp his friend John only shook off the grasp his friend ad laid on his cost, and burried off into the

Well, I'm blowed !' says Davie ; "there'l be summut more than common amiss wi a steady chap like that 'un afore he'd run a mucker along the cliff edge in the dark." And Davie hurries back to tell the licutenant of the signal he fancies he has heard. PART III.

That night no one but the children went to bed in the little fishing village.

At about eight o'clock Davie had spread the alarm of a ship off the Hedden's Mouth, and the danger was too well known not to rouse a stirring sympathy in all who heard the things. Licutenant Roberts and his men had soon put off in the life-boat, and more than one of the fishing-boats had followed; though the see was now so wild that some though the sea was now so wild that some of the older men shook their heads, and muttered that "It were a clean temptin" of

muttered that "It were a clean temptin' of Providence." Even in the upper village stray rumors of the excitement below kept folk waking.

Fanny Heywood lived alone with her father. He had been village schoolmaster, but was superanuated now, and almost childish; his chief idea being the correctness and spotless condition et his clothing, and the beauty and irresistible charms of his daughter Fanny. He saw no use whatever in sitting up, huming candles, just because a ship had been so stupid as to get on the rocks, and he told his daughter she would do wisely if she went to bed, too.

Fanny gave him a careless answer; but Fanny gave him a careless answer; but when he had fairly gone up stairs, she had placed herself at the window and

some passer-by.

The girl heart was very heavy to-night. She had not said one word to her father. She had joked and laughed, and tried to hear herself bravely; but the pent-up sorrow grew in its struggle to find vent—in the dark stillness it made her heart as heavy as

looked out, in hope of hearing news from

That night was very dark. Fanny pu her head out of the lattice as she heard a far-off sound, and the wind swirling round the house in a wild gust, blew her hair into her eyes. The sound came nearer, heavy and lumbering, not like a mere footstep. "Who's there? she calls as it comes nearer; there is a strong sudden horror in her though she could not have found a name fo

"It's me-Davis. I be in a barrow from the rocks down yonder."

"He's fallen and smashed his ankle," says a deep voice, which Fanny recognizes as that of the second in command at the coast guard station; "I had to come back, so I've

"Is the ship safe?" says Fanny.
"Well, yes" (the man speaks sulkily) "she cried out before she was hurt. There's one of the boats stove in that came out after the

Fanny's heart gives a sudden bound. "Is any one hurt besides Davie?" she says, in a faint, scared voice. a faint, scared voice.

"Well, yes, and I must go on now, miss.
I'm come in to fetch the doctor out to Joe
Porter and another poor fellow—"

"Is John Fry down helping with you?" she says.

Davie strikes in Fanny's gasping tone

having roused him.
"I'm not easy in my mind," he says. "John
"I'm not easy in my mind," he says. Fsy left me all in a burry to go to the rocks, and no one's seen or heard on him since. John's not the one to stand by when tolks want help."

Before his words were spoken Fanny is

out of the cottage. She can see two figures in the indistinct like—a light that seems in itself fraught with fear and doubt. With ity we call "habit" makes Fanny take down a shawl which hangs in the passage and wrap it round her head and shoulders as she runs into the road. She puts out her hand "Mr. Evans, tell any one you see to send help to the foot of the cliffs; and tell Lieu

tenant Roberts I'm gone there to look for John Fry."
"Gone alone—God help her! But as h speaks there is nothing but the vague, indis-tinct glimmer round Evans and his charge. Fanny has sped on far out of sight, down the fern-banked lane, lighter than it had been in the upper village, for the sea is be

She guesses the fishermen are not gone to bed, and she knocks loudly at the first door she comes to. A man, very old and feeble, opens it, with a face honey-combed with wrinkles. He has a lantern in his hand, and holds it up to

"Let me have it, father Pugsley," says she taking the lantern with a grasp he cannot resist. "If there's a man or boy in the house send them after me to the foot of Raggod The wonderful power of instinct has told her that if any harm has come to John her

conduct has caused it. She sees him hurry-ing along the cliff-path, when she left him with these taunting words on her lips. with these taunting words on her lips.

She hurries on so fast that visions of wha nay have befallen her lover seem to lure her on to reach them as they move in bodily shape before her. At another time sue would have been frightened, but now she heeds nothing but the desire to find her over before any one else can reach him. Pugsley had left matches inside the lantern, and she soon relights it, but that moment of

utter darkness, all alone on that giddy height, with the moaning, gulping sound of the waves below, shakes Fanny from head he has fallen to the bottom of the cliff, and the hungry waves, ebbing back, have car-ried him along with them forever?

Her fingers grew unnerved and tremblin she cannot relight the lantern. Even if she finds him he will not be alive. He may be an undistinguishable mass of broken

Flame at last, and with the it girls courage rekindles. She trembles still, but she draws her shawl more closely around her, and goes forward, not so fast, but more steadily.

There is a heart, after all, in her vain lit-There is a heart, after all, in her vain in-the body—a heart that almost, for the first time in her life, is speaking to her more of another than of herself—and the longing to help and comfort John for his own sake is

overmastering any selfish dread.

She stops, and holds the lautern high above her head. Just before her, black in the vague light, Ragged Jack stands out as if to stop her way. A sudden chill at her heart, and she lowers her lantern to the path's edge. Fanny could never remember why she did this—it was a strong, impelling instinct. She looks, and then she shrinks

why she did this—It was a strong, impening instinct. She looks, and then she shrinks back sick and white, against the rock wall besides her. If John yet lives, he is lying below where she stands. The path is broken away, and there are signs that large bits of rock have been recently loosened from its edge and hurried down to the sea.

And as the reality forces itself upon Fanny that she must descend that fearful precipice alone in the darkness, face to face with the moaning, wailing sea—a moaning and wailing which echoes, heavily and hopeless ly, every thought of terror—Fanny's courage flies in one long, shuddering sigh, and she sinks on her knees solbing.

The attitude, or a power beyond her,

she sinks on her knees sobbing.

The attitude, or a power beyond her, brings prayer to her lips:

"Oh, my father!—save him—help me!"
The words seem to nerve her—perhaps they remind her she is not so helpless.

She hes down on her face, and drags berself to the edge. "John!—John Fry?—John, darling, do you hear me?"

The wind is lulling fast, and her voice sounds clear through the clear night air.

No sound comes; the silence seems more awfull, and the moan of the waves more awfully true in their foreboding.

Desperately, she raises herself, and sends her voice out in one loud placeing cry.

Then she strains her ear to listen.

Far off—seemingly as far as the bay on the other side of Ragged Sack—an answer comes, put in the sound of many voices; and then nearer, almost close, so it seems by contrast, a feeble whistle.

All her fears are gone; she only chides at

All her fears are gone; she only chides at her own delay. Still holding the lantern in one hand, she feels her way cautiously, foot by foot, down the cliff, till she finds at last a standing place. She knows where she is

ace. John Fry is lying with shut eyes. been caught, seemingly, between the

"John! John, darling! Open your eyes! Speak to me!"

He lies there as atill as the gray rock; almost as cold. She forgets the danger of falling; she twines her arms around him; she murmurs to him, and presses warm kisses on his face.

"Oh, John, my darling! my darling! Look at me just once! let me hear you ssy once you forgive my wickedness."

She might as well cry to the rock itself; and yet, as she presses her lips on his, it seems as if some warmth lingared in them.

Suddenly she raises her head and cries out loudly for help. A strange sound has reached her. She listens breathlessly. Yes, they are coming. Overhead she hears voices, and from the sea the strong regular pull of oars.

John Fry was taken home alive, but there came weeks of anxious watching before he was able to walk once more beside Fanny Heywood to the scene of his fearful fall-and then he walked on crutches.

and then he walked on crutches.

Fanny smiles brightly in her lover's face. She is trying to cheer the sadness that, spite of his efforts, clouds the strong man's eyes at times, for it is very hard to John Fry to realize that he is crippled for life; but under the girl's smile is a tender, subdued look, new to her face. It may be that the bitter tears she has shed, during her long patient nursing, have left their trace—tears not only of sorrow for her lover's sufferings, but of contrition for the part, she had acted but of contrition for the part she had act

"Fanny (John has stood in silence for "Fanny (John has stood in silence for some minutes beside the broken pathway) I don't think you and I will quartel again—will we darling?"

He looks at her smiling, with his deep loving eyes, and she tries to answer brightly; but the recollection of that foolish quartel and its ending masters her, and tears some instead of words.

ome insued of words.
"Hush!" he whispers softly, "you'll spoil
your sweet eyes, darling, and they're my
eyes now—at least they will be after Thurs-Fanny hides her eyes on his she

learned more about myself than I ever thought to know. I wonder how you find anything to love in a girl who can put no There is no need to tell John's answer.

Harold Scott's Bride.

The wind came sweeping down from the nountain gorges in fitful gusts, as a young girl wended her way wearily along the drea-y road which led from the mountain to a

ry road which led from the mountain to a level plain, from whose bosom a busy city lifted its tall spires.

It was a cold, gloomy day in November, and the lone wanderer—for Amy Lee was indeed a wanderer, without home or friends—pulled her faded shawl more closely about her and hurried on, while ever and anon a tear would tremble a moment on the long cyclashes and then roll slowly over the cold cheeka.

Three or four miles back on the lonely road a woman was sitting before the warm fire in her comfortable home. Her hands lay idle in her lap, while she gazed into the fire with a stern look upon her beautiful face. As she sat thus, a man, tall, handsome and young, not over two-and twenty at most, entered the room.

"Where is Amy, mother?"

"Where is Amy, mother?"
The woman turned upon her son a look of mingled aoger and scorn.

"She is half way up to Chester by this time, I presume, as I sent her away a couple of hours ago."

"Sent Amy Lee away! Surely, mother, you are not in earnest?" and Harold Scott's face was blank with amazement.

The woman smiled scornfully and assured him that the girl was gone.

him that the girl was gone. "Why have you sent her away—on such day as this, too?" "Harold, do you think I shall allow you

"I understood, madam, that when yo brought Amy Lee home with you it was with the intention of making her one of the family. You liked her, you pitied her friendless condition, and—" "I never meant she should be my son's

"There was little danger of that, said Harold, with a sigh.
"You like her, Harold; yes, I will say ore-you love her-love your mother's I know she has loved you ever since yo

ne. So when I saw her love was returned I sent her away."
"If I knew she cared for me, as you think she would soon be back here, though not as servant." "You would marry that beggar, who can

ot even tell who are her parents! Listen, Harold, I wish you to marry Estella Clarke Mrs. Clarke and I were friends in girlhood and when you were three years old we agree together that you and her little May should in time unite our families. But May was stolen from her crib by a band of gipsies, as was supposed, and was never recovered. So when her sister Estella was born, I accepted her for your future wife, in place of the lost May. Have you seen her lately, Harold! She has grown very beautiful."

"I haven't seen her in a year, nor do ever wish to see her again," said Harol gruffly.

After a pause he asked:

"She went alone, of course. You don't suppose I would send the carriage to take a beggar, do you? A few miles walk never hurts such as she. Besides the rain would have spoiled the new harness," was answer

"The harness will go out in the rain, never-theless," said Harold, as he put on his over-coat. "How long did you say she had been Harold did not wait for his mother to re

ply, but hurriedly left the hous. A minute later he was driving at a break-neck pace in pursuit of Amy. Mrs. Scott called for her smelling-salts, and gave way to violent byswith her long walk and dripping with rain, was drawing near the city of Chester. She had no friends there; knew of no one even to whom she could apply for a situation, but

she had a few shillings in her purse, and on this hoped to be able to live till she could find employment. Heart sick she sat down to rest. She was near a large brick building with front piazza.

children, looking out at the driving rain and the homeless girl who was exposed to its fury. "It was in such a house as this the gips told me I was born—a brick house with a broad piazza, and near a city. O, if she had told me my parents' names, I might find them! How happy those children are. O, that I, too, had a home, even the humblest, where I might be cared for," murmured

Amy.

Just then a door was opened and a your girl enveloped in a cloak, emerged from the house. She went up to Amy, who ros

"You seem tired, and mother sent me o ask you to come into the house. Your clothes are very wet and you are shivering with cold too, so come right along," said the girl, and with a heartfelt "thank you, you are very kind, Amy followed her back to "My name is Estella Clark. What is

yours?"
Amy gave her name, though she hardly knew that she did so. She was thinking of Harold Scott. This was the girl whom his mother would have him marry, and a pang of jealousy shot through Amy's heart as she looked again and again at the beautiful girl by her side. She thought she had never seen any one half so lovely. Estella's eyes were blue and her complexion light and clear, while her own eyes were black and her skin that of a brunette, and yet a stranger would have detected a strong resemblance between these two. In form of features, though not in color, they were slike. tures, though not in color, they were alike Amy wasconducted into the room, through the window of which she had seen the hap py faced children. A matronly lady placed a chair for her before the glowing fire and unfastened and removed her bat and shawl. When Amy's clothes were dry and she was rested and refreshed, she arose to depart.

Then the lady who had been watching her intently and who

her intently and with a yearning look on her sweet lace said:

"If you will tell me where your friends live, I will order the carriage and have you taken home."

"I have no friends, no home," answered Amy, and her lip and chin quivered.

"No Irlends?" echoed Estella in wander. Bomething prompted Amy to lay before those people the story of her life, as she re-

count of her black eyes and dark cheeks, which had struck her gypsy fazzy.

Mrs. Clarke was extremely agitated and spoke in a trembling voice as she asked:

"Did the gipsy give any particulars of your parent's home, or the manner in which you were taken from them!"

"She described the house. It must have been very much such a one as this. It was near a city, too. She said I was an only child, that my parents had been married four years, and that at the time I was stolen they were attending a wedding, and I was left in the care of a nurse who left me asleep in a crib and went out to visit a friend. left in the care of a nurse who left me asleep in a crib and went out to visit a friend. The gipsy knew my parents and nurse were away and went into the house with the in tention of begging of the servants and telling their fortune. But seeing me as she said lying wide awake and all alone she covered me with her shawl and ran away."

Mrs. Clarke listened to this recital with suspended breath. When Amy ceased speaking, she ran up to her and clasped her

Mrs. Clarke listened to this recital with suspended breath. When Amy ceased speaking, she ran up to her and clasped her in her arms, exclaiming:

"Heaven has answered my prayers at last. You are my child, my darling, May."

It was some time before Estella and the children could get a chance to kiss and embrace their new found sister. Their mother clung to her as though afraid to loosen her from her clasp lest she should again lose her. The father was summened to the room and was overjoyed to find his long lost daughter in the arms of his wife.

"You are mine," the mother said, while tears of joy rolled down her cheeks, "I know you are my May, but if you only had something that was taken away with you to show us 'twould make assurance doubly sure."

"I have an embroidered skirt which I had on when taken by the gipsy," said Amy. looking very happy through her tears, the first tears of joy she had ever shed. "The skirt is in my trunk. Mrs. Scott promised to send it down this afternoon by the stage.

It would soon be time for the stage to pass and Mr. Clarke sat down in the window to watch for it while Amy was carried away by Mrs. Clarke and Estella to change her cloth-Ere long the stage came rumbling along Ere long the stage came rumbling along.
Mr. Clarke hailed the driver and asked to
be given Mrs. Lee's trunk. A box scarcely
enough to hold a doll's wardrobe was hand
ed him. It was well filled, however, and
the family gathered eagerly around while
Amy took out one garment after another in
quest of the skirt which was to decide be
youd a doubt whether she had any claim
upon the love that was being already lavished upon her. It was found in the very bottom of the trunk, and Amy untied the string
and unfolded it with trembling fingers. Mrs.

and unfolded it with trembling fingers. Mrs. Clarke recognized the skirt at once. It was one she had embroidered with her own hands for her first born. Amy has found a home and loving friend Towards sundown Mrs. Clarke exught sight of Harold Scott driving slowly and with an air of extreme dejection, homeward, He had been to the city in fruitless search for Amy. He had boped to be able to find her, assure her of his regret at her leaving his mother's house and render her some as-

stance in her march for a place. "Call Harold, Charles. We must tel him of our new happiness, his mother will rejoice to hear that our darling is found;" said the happy mother. So Harold came in to find Mr. Clark's

new found daughter in the person of his lovely Amy.

It was long after the moon had risen that night ere Hareld reached home.

His mother sat in sullen silence waiting for him to give the result of his drive, ar-dently hoping that he had seen nothing of Amy.

"Cheer up, mother," Harold said, at last tired of waiting for her to question him. "I shall never marry Amy Lee, I am engaged to Mr. Clarke's lovely daughter."

Mrs. Scott seemed to think this piece of news too good to be true and looked up in-"It's a fact mother, and I want you to

go with me to-morrow to pay a visit to v betrothed." From that time until Harold sat her down next day at Mr. Clarke's gate Mrs. Scott did nothing but pour praises of Es-tella Clarke into her son's ears. He smiled himself as he listened, but his mothe did not suspect but that all was as she wished it. Harold entered the parler with his mother and introduced her to his promised bride, Miss May Clarke, shortly in an

"She was your first choice, mother, as she mine, and besides that, Estella is speken Mrs. Scott was bewildered but underst it at all at last, and quite forgot that May Harold's wedding day came she was satisfied that he was getting the bes girl in the State, not excepting the bride's sister, Estella, who, by the way, was mar ried on the same day to one to whom her troth had been plighted for years.

A Lively Country.

A Chattanooga correspondent of the ouisville Courier-Journal is responsible for he following Tennessee story:

One of the most notable obstructions up on the Upper Tennessee river has been what is called the "Pot," which was peculiarly annoying because it was only dangerous to navigation during high water, when the other obstructions had ceased to exist. The pot was a whirlpool caused by points of rocks jutting out into the river and causing cross currents, and the higher the water the flercer the whirl. In very high floods noth-ing could pass the whirl, and its vertex was large enough to engulf the largest of the river boats. In ordinary high water its passage was very difficult and dangerous, while at common boating stages a flat boat would be carried round and round by the current, and a steamboat found much trouble in pas

sing through. Some amusing tales are told in reference to this locality and the troubles of the early navigators here during the palmy days of

atboating.
It is related of an inexperienced flatboatman, who was going down the river in those days, that one dark night he saw a log-cabin on the shore, from which proceeded the on the shore, from which proceeded the sound of music and dancing. Being of a jovial disposition, he tied up his boat and went in to take a drink.

He was urged to stay and spend the night but pleaded an anxiety to be on his way, though he didn't mind taking a drop or two to cheer him on his voyage. So he untied his boat and pursued his course.
In about ten minutes he came, as he thought, to another log cabin, where they were hav-ing, if possible, a still more joyful time than at the one where he had taken a drink a little while before. He did not get off this time, as he did not believe in drinking between drinks, but continued to journey on for ten minutes or so more, when lo! anoth-

"Well," he soliloquized, "this here is a mighty lively country. I believe I'll go and see this frolic." As he entered, he thought he recognized some faces that he had seen at his last stop

ping place, but as they were so near together be thought they had just come over on a vis-it, so our navigator imbibed pretty freely with them to a renewal of friendships, and again pursued his voyage, pleading a want of time, as before, for his excuse in declining all other invitations to stop all night.
At regular intervals of ten or fifteen mir the he passed two or three more log cabins whence the inspiring sound of the fiddle and the cheering clinking of bottles were borne to his ears. But he felt too tired to stop to his ears. But he left too thred to stop again, and so remained reclining on his boat in stupefied amazement; while as be jour neyed along all night there came to his ears continually broken snatches of the Fisher's Hornpipe, Old Dan Tucker, and the Irish Washerwoman, and his wondering eyes beheld at every quarter of a mile a log cabin where the livilest kind of a frelic was going

At length morning dawned, and he saw o the shorea cabin whose proprietor was just going down to the river to wash his face, looking very much as though he had been up all night indulging in dissipation. Him he hailed: "Hello, stranger! was you on a frolic las

night, too ?" ght, too i"
"You'd think it," was the reply.
"Well, I'll be dogoned if this aren't the
vliest country I have ever saw! What State is this, stranger?"
"Tennessee, Marion county."
"Tennessee, hey? Marion county? Well,
"Tennessee, hey?

Then the lady who had been watching it are a merry un. Stranger, it just beats everything I ever seed in all my own days. I was raised up here in Jefferson where they are some on frolicking, but this here just knocks the center plumb out of that. Why, stranger, I've been travelling down this river all night. I must have come thirty miles at least, and I'll be darned if there wasn't a cabin every half mile, and the biggest kind of a frolic in every one of them, whiskey, and addlin', and dancia' till you couldn't rait.

time the owner of the cabin

ger ?"
"Up here in Jeffemon, on the French
Broad. It's a mighty fine country, stranger, but it can't hold a candle to this?"
"Well, you wasn't made for a traveler,
that's certain! Any man that'll quit a crowd
like we had here last night, to go floating
round and round on this cussed pot, instead
of sticking like a man to his whiskey and
dancin', can't look to get on much in the
world. How far did you say you come last
night?"

night?"
"Thirty miles, if it's a foot."
"And how many cabins did you see with frolics going on?"
"There must have been a hundred, I'm Well, I will be degoned! Strange

"Well, I will be degoned! Stranger, you did'nt travel half a mile last night. The only cabin you saw was this here one of mine. You come ashore twice, and took some mightly good horns of whiskey and apple brandy, hut they was not enough to make a man so drunk as you must have been to make a hundred cubins outen this

been to make a hundred caoins one."

A light began to dawn upon the vision of the voyager from the French Broad.

"Have I just been floating round and round here all night?"

"You just haye."

"Stranger, come aboard here, and take a drink of old peach, and then lend me a land to get out of this. It sin't such a d—d lively country after all."

This was in the old times, which will neser come back again, and the discomfiture of this unlucky flatboatmen can never again be the fate of other voyagers on the Tennessee river.

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offered by all other companies, and has adopted SPECIAL FEATURES. Original with this Company, and offered by no

er. B. D. WAIT. Gen'l Agent, Raiegh, N. C. 550—dew tee22 UNITED STATES TAX NOTICE. COLLECTOR'S OFFICE, 4th DIST. OF N. C., Raleigh, N. C., Nov. 20th, 1869. THE ASSESSORS LIST FOR OCTOBER, has eed in my hands for e

persons on whom assessments have been made, in that month, will meet me or my deputy at the following places, prepared to pay their taxes: Smithfield, 1st December.
Louisburg, 7th
Warrenton, 9th
Oxford, 11th
Hillsboro', 21st
Pittaboro, 23rd Raleigh, 25th, 27th and 28th December, All who fall to comply with this Notice, and all who are delinquent on former lists, will be visited with the penalties of the Law.

I. J. YOUNG,

Col. 4th Dist. of N.C.

CHAS. D. UPCHURCH, Deputy Collector PUBLIC LAWS OF NORTH CAROLINA, PASSED BY THE General Assembly, Session 1868-69, contain ing over 900 pages.

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" " law binding...

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oct 13 NORTH CAROLINA. Superior Court, Fall Term, 1869. B. L. Cole, Administrator of Sallie Horner, de-ceased, vs. Simeon Carrington, William Horn-er and others.—Petition to make real estate

er and others.—Petition to make real estate assets.

It appearing to the satisfaction of the Court that William Horner, Jefferson Horner, Isaac Horner, and James Mallory and Lucy, his wife, Defendants in this cause, reside beyond the limits of this State, it is therefore ordered that publication be made for thirty days in the North Carolina Standard, notifying the said Befendants of the filing of this petition, and that unless they appear at the next Term of this Court, to be held for the County of Granville, at the Court House in Oxford, on the second Monday of February, A. D. 1870, and plead, answer or demur to the said petition, the same will be taken as conlessed, and an order of raise entered. Witness, Calvin Bette, Clerk of said Court, the second Monday of August, A. D. 1869.

Calvin Bette, Clerk
Superior Court of Granville Co.

It is authentically stated that one-fifth of the inhabitants of this country and Europe die of Con-sumption. No disease has been more thoroughly studied, and its nature less understood; there is no disease upon which exists a greater diversity of opinion and no disease which has more com-pletely baffied all medical skill and remedial accused. of opinion and no discase which has more com-pletely baffled all medical skill and remedial agencies.

Some of the prominent symptoms are Cough, Expectoration, Shortness of Breath Irritation about the Lungs and Chest, darting, Pains in the Sides and Back, Emseistion, and general negative condition of the whole system.

Persons suffering with this dread disease, or any of its concomitants, should lose no time in possessing themselves of the proper Remedy, in order that they may stay its ravages, and be re-stored to health. The

REV. E. A. WILSON'S Prepared Prescription for the Cure of Cusum ption, Asthma, Bronchitis Coughs, Colds,

ALL THROAT AND LUNG AFFECTH by the use of which he was restored to health in s few weeks, after having suffered several years with a severe lung affection and that dread dis-action of the several was a cover to the several years. sase, Consumption, has now been in use over ten cons with the most marked success.

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This is considered one of the best Control Farms in the County, and the group new on the control of This is considered one of the best Cotte Ferms in the County, and the crop new on after such unfavorable sessons is ample proof of its advantages, as to fertility, &c. I propose to sell ONE HALF, say thirtee hundred (1800) seres which may be sub-divide

Capt. B. B. Guion, my Agent, will last ure in showing the place and giving all it tion desired. If not disposed of sooner, on Monday, the 30th of December next, to the highest bidder, on the premises, it of three, four and six hundred acres. It sell mules, horses, stock of all kinds, cor folder and farming fundaments.

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no has received.

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From the Insurance Times, June Number, 1863

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emplate insuring will call to mind the fact tha

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Should the person decease at the end of five cars, upon the return prem plan his family

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\$7 532.50,

while in the Atna, and for the same amoun of money invested and at the same time, amily would get

\$18,000.00

sure in explaining still further the practic W. H. CROW

The General Agent of the Ætna will take ple

GENERAL AGENT OFFICE:.... Raleigh, N C. ORDER OF PUBLICATION.

WM. M. SERED vs. Edward Torry, John B. Torr and George Torry, Representatives of Edward APPEARING TO THE COURT THE Betts, will give an order to the Plaintiff to se so much of the real estate of the Defendants Is ing in sain county, as shall be sufficient to sail

NOTICE. TENDING TO REMOVE TO AN ADJOIN m, and lat

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Baltstor Track

BRISTOL, TENN., Oct. 14, 19 BRISTOL, TENN., Oct. 14, 19
I had seen by the papers what had been
by the Board of Education in North of
and was glad. I had ample reasons form
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These Books are lised by the Best Schools in the S Late Testimonials in Brief. I have waited patiently for the adoption the Board of Education of this state of books to be used in the public schools, and much pleased to find that so many have selected from the National Series.—Rev. w. Miller, Charlotte, Oct. 1, 1869. I design introducing McNally's Gengand Davies' University Arithmetic.—Dr. C. Prus. Durham Academy.

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Geography as one of the best books of its lit has several points of superiority over m primary Geographies; Geography is tere in ed from the only true and rational standpolyize of Geology and Physical Geography—P. W. C. Kehr, State Geologist of North (plina) olina
Mr. Taylor Johnson, Olive's Chapel, has i
duced the National Readers, Montieth's Ge
phies, Davies Arithmetics, Clark's Gram
etc.; Mr. John Franks, Grove P. O., has i etc.; Mr. John Franks, Grove P. O., has into duced the National Series throughout; M. W. A. Branch, New Hill P. O., uses the National Series throughout; Mr. Adolphus Rogers, Green Level P. O., uses the National Readers, Cop. Books, Monteith's Geographics, and York: Grammar; Mrs. Emma Banghara, Cary P. O. uses the National Series; Mr. H. C. Olive, New Hill P. O., introduced Monteith's Geographic. There are now at least 250 pupils in Wake and Chatham counties who are daily using the National Series of books, within my knowledge. Prof. W. H. MERRETT, Chatham county, Sept. 14, 1869.

I um glad to learn that some of your boo School, Oct. 23, 1869. Am much pleased with both the Spand all the Readers; and as to the Scries of ographies, I have long used no others when could be obtained.—Dr. WM. B. HARREL,

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Send me ten Davies' Intellectual Arithmetic for introduction. They are superior to asy have seen.—W. F. English, Mount Olive, 080th, 1869. I intend using the same books in my school those used in the Common Schools. * * I already using Montelth's Geographics.—John Johnson, Yadkinville, Sept. 25, 1869. I am and have ever been an carnest advers of uniformity in school books. The Board commendations—Anthmetics and Geographic are the best that could have been made—I H. SMITH, Lincolnton, Sept. 28th, 1899. Because these books are adopted by the 8h Board, as well as for the merits of the hos themselves, we wish to introduce them, as a them exclusively in our school.—Rev. 8. C. M. EXANDER, Charlotte, Oct. 11, 1869.

Steele's "Nat. Philosophy" received Amstruck with its superiority to the other is used respects. As a class is waiting, substitute in order Steele's Philosophy for first introduction—G. W. Jewett, Wilmington, Oct. 13, 1802. Davies' Mathematics was adopted by me in 1858, and up to this time I have examined in work superior to them. I have examined in work superior to them. I have examined in the philosophy. I consider them most excelled works and shall put them into my boys' hand at the earliest period.—J. E. Dugger, Primale Academy, Warrenton. It is my purpose to introduce Mouteith's (8
4) into my school. I give it the preference the information which it gives on the suite of Physical Geography. The maps and strong in both works (Monteith and McNallemann)

to me to be admirable.—Rev. ALDERT SEED. D. D., Rector of St. Mary's, Raleigh. The system of Geography—Montiett and Mally—I am well pleased with,—Rev. Wm. States, Raleigh. Davies' Arithmetics, Monteith's Geographics and the National Readers are too well known to require a word from me. Monteith and baves are the best that I am acquainted with—Frof. FRANK VAUGHAN, Elizabeth City, Oct. 11, 1800. Distinguished Editors and Critics Praise The

The Series must prove acceptable. The stru-ture of language is beautifully exhibited—Fer etteville Presbyterian. This firm will allow no competition in it price of books published by them, which a among the best in the State.—Statesville dis-can, 1866. Have a reputation for merit unsurpass statesville: American, 1869. Peculiarly adapted to supply the wants have long felt.—Greensboro' Patrio'. Have acknowledged superiority by the is competent judges.—Western Sentinel. Davies is excellent in the first degree.—Wat oro Argus.

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Supt. of Introduction,
Esleigh, N. C.
nov. 9

STATE OF NORTH CARC allies GRANVILLE COUNTY that ior Court, August Term. m. M. Sucad and wife, Ex'rs,

and others.

If appearing to the Court that William is Hunt, one of the defendants in this cause, is a non-resident, beyond the jurisdication of all Court, it is therefore ordered by the Court the publication be made for him, for six weeks stocessively in the "Standard," a newspaper published in the city of Raleigh, notifying him to be and appear at the next term of this Court to be held for the county of Granville, at the Court County of Granville, at the Court County of Granville, at the Court down to the plaintiff's bill, otherwise a decree price original will be taken against him.

Witness, Calvin Barrs, Clerk of said Court, of the Court County of Standard County Barrs, Clerk of said Court. Witness, Calvin Berrs, Clerk of said Court Oxford, 2d Monday in August, A. D. 1869.

MASONIC. or GRAND LODGE, Raleigh, Nov. 12th, 1869. The Grand Lodge, F. A. M., of North Carolina, will hold its next Annual Communication, in this city, communication, Monday, the 5th of December, at 7 o'clock, P. M.

The usual granugements have been made by which the Grand Ollicers, and Representatives can travel over the several Kall Roads in this State for purface.

D. W. BAIN, GRAND SECRETARY

to compellet to se